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DESCRIPTION
Of the King and Queene of
Fayries, their habit, fare, their
abode, pompe, and state.

Beeing very delightfull to the sense, and
full of mirth.

by R. S.



LONDON,
Printed for *Richard Harper*, and are to be sold
at his shop, at the Hospitall gate, 1635.

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To the Reader.

Courteous Reader,

I Present thee here
with the Description
of the King
of the *Fayries*, of
his Attendants, Apparel, Ge-
sture, and Victuals, which
though comprehended in the
brevity of so short a volume,

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yet

To the Reader.

yet as the Proverbe truely av-
verres, it hath as mellifluous
and pleasing discourse, as that
whose amplitude contains
the fulnesse of a bigger com-
position: yet not so much pre-
suming on the contentment
that it will bring to thee, as
partly relying upon thy con-
nivence at the faults therein
contained, which beeing in-
nocent and harmeleffe, can
give no great disturbance to
thy patience, but please thy
palate with varietie of mirth,
and

To the Reader.

and not doubting but my labour will bee remunerable with your good approbation, I shall thinke my paines well taken, and my selfe really satisfied with your contentment, emboldning me to subscribe my selfe

Yours hereafter,

If now approved on,

R. S.

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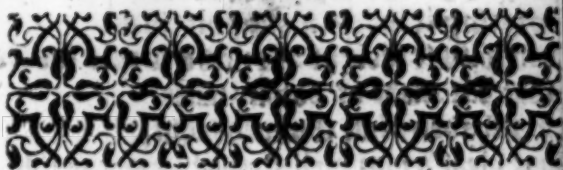
and not leaving but my
out will be a remarkable
with you of a proportion
I will think my thanks well
I will think my thanks well
I will think my thanks well
I will think my thanks well

Yours truly

Wm. Lloyd Garrison

R. S.

1840



A Description of the King
of *Fayries* Clothes, brought to him
on New-yeares day in the
morning, 1626. by his
Queenes Chamber-
maids.



First a Cobweb-Shirt, more thinn
Than eber Spider Once cou
spin.

Chang'd to the whitenesse of the
snow,

By the stormie windes that blow
In the baite and frozen ayre,
No Shirt half so fine, so layze.

A rich wastcoat they did bring,
Made of the Trent-rises gilded wing:

which his Elvelhip gan to fret,
 wearing it would make him sweat
 ben with it weight: he needs would weare
 wascoat made of downy haire,
 eto shaven of an Eunuchs chin,
 that pleas'd him well, t'was wondrous thin.

The out-side of his Doublet was
 made of the four leab's true lob'd grasse,
 chang'd into so fine a glosse,
 With the oyle of Crispie mosse:
 It made a Rainbow in the night
 Which gave a lustre passing light.
 On every seame there was a lace
 Drawne by the unctions Snails slow pace.
 To which the fin'st pur'st silver thread
 Compat'o, did looke like dull pale lead.

His breeches of the Fléce was wrought,
 Which from Chlochos Iason brought:
 Upon into so fine a yarne,
 No mortall wight might it discerne.
 Weab'd by Arachne on her loome,
 Just before she had her doome.

A rich spantle he did weare
 Made of Linell Colameare.

Bestowed

Befloozed oer with a few
 Diamond Stars of morning dew:
 Dy'd Crimson in a maydens blush,
 Lin'd with humble Bees soft plash.

His Cap was all of Ladies love,
 So wondrous light, that it did move,
 If any humming gnat or flie
 Buzz'd the ayre in passing by.

About his necke a wreath of pearle
 Dropt from the eyes of some pwee gtle.
 Pinched, because she had forgot
 To leave cleane water in the pot.





DEepe skild Geographers, whose art
Do traverse all the world, and with their
Declare the strangenes of each severall clim
The nature, scituation, and the time
Of being inhabited, yet all their art
And deepe informed skill could not imp
In what set climate of this Orbe or Ile,
The king of Fayries kept, whose honor'd
Is here inclos'd, with the sincere descript
Of his abode, his nature, and the region
In which he rules: reade, and thou shalt fir
Delightfull mirth, fit to content thy min
May the contents thereof thy palate sute,
With its mellifluous and pleasing fruit:
For nought can more besweetn'd to my m
Than that this Pamphlet thy contentme
(fin
Which if it shall, my labour is suffic'd,
In being by your liking highly priz'd.

Yours to his power,

R. S.

THE MILD GEOGRAPHY

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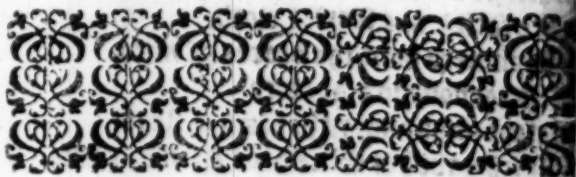
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A Description of his Dyet.

Now they the Elbes within a trice,
 Prepar'd a feast lesse great than nice.
 Where you may imagine first,
 The Elbes prepare to quench his thirst,
 In pure seed Pearle of Infant dew
 Brought and sweetned with a blew
 And pregnant Violet; which done,
 His killing eyes begin to runne
 Quite oze the table, where hee spyes
 The hoznes of water'd Butter-flies,
 Of which he eats, but with a little
 Beate coole allay of Cuckowes spittle.
 Next this the red cap woyme thats shut
 Within the concave of a nut.
 Moles eyes he tastes, then Adders eares;
 To these soz saucs the flaine Stagges teares
 A bloted earewig, and the pith
 Of sugred rush he glads him with.

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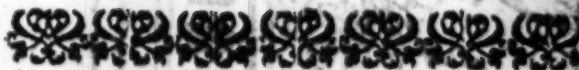
Then he takes a little pottle,
 Late fatted in a scarlet cloth,
 A spinners ham, the beards of mice,
 His carbonado, a device
 Before unknowne, the blood of fleas
 Which gave his ElbeShips stomacke ease.
 The unctious dew tops of a Snasse,
 The broke heart of a Nightingale,
 Omelets in musicke, with the sagge
 And well bestrowed Biers sweet bagge.
 Conserues of Atomes, and the mites,
 The like wormes sperme, and the delights
 Of all that euer yet hath blest
 Gayric land: so ends his feast.

Orpheus.



Orpheus.

Whtce excellng, for the finishment of this
Feast, thou must musicke it so, that the Die-
cles may descend to grace it.



THI





THE FAIRIES FEGARIES.

OR,

*Singing and dancing bring all their pleasure,
They'll please you most nicely, if you be at leisure,
To heare their sweet chanting, it will you delight,
To cure melancholly at morning and night.*

Sung like to the Spanish Gypsie.

Come follow, follow me,
You Fairie Elves that be :
And circle round this Greene,
Come follow me your Queene.
Hand in hand lets dance a round,
For this place is Fayrie ground.

When Portals are at rest.

An

id snoztling in their nest,
nheard, oz unelpp'o,
hrough key-holes we do glide :
ber tables, stools, and shelves,
He trip it with our Fairie Elves.

nd if the house be saule,
z platter, dish, oz botole,
p staires we nimbly creepe,
nd finde the Sluts asleepe :
hen we pinch their armes and thighes,
one escapes, noz none elpies.

ut if the house be swept,
d from uncleannesse kept,
As praise the house and maid,
nd surely we is paid :
oz we do use befoze we go
o drop a Tetter in her shoe.

pon the malthoomes head,
ur table cloth we spread,
graine o'th finest wheat
s manchet that we eate :
he pearlie drops of dew we drinke
n Akozne-cups fill'o to the drinke.

The tongues of Pightingales,
With unctious ioyce of Snalles,
Betwixt two nut-shells strowde
Is meac that easily chewde :
The bzaines of Runnes, the beards of mice
Will make a feast of wondrous price.

Ober the tender grasse,
So lightly we can passe,
The yong and tender Kalke,
Here bowes whereon we walke,
Soz in the moyning dew is seene,
Ober night where we have bene:

The grasse-hopper, gnat, and fle,
Serues for our Spinnrels thee,
And sweetly dance a while,
Till we the time beguile :
And when the Spone-cake hides her head,
The glow-worme lights us unto bed.

FINIS.



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The Melancholly Lovers Song.

Hence all you vaine delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly,
There's nought in this life sweet,
If men were wise to see't,
But onely melancholly.
Welcome folded hands, and fixed eyes,
A sigh thats piercing, mortifies,
A looke that's fastned on the ground,
A tongue chained up without a sound:
Fountaine heads, and pathlesse groves,
Are places where pale passion loves.
Moone-light walkes, when all the fowles
Are warmly hous'd, save Bats and owles;
A midnight bell, a parting grone,
These are the sighes I feed upon:
Then stretcht out bones in a still gloomy
(valley
There's nothing dainty, sweet to melancholly
FINIS.

